

A NEW
S O N G,

Made on the intended Invasion of the *Spaniards* in
Favour of the Pretender: Or *GREAT-BRITAIN's*
Triumph: Or, The Demolishers demolish'd, and
the Hopes of Prince *Perkin's* Friends and Abettors
for ever extinguish'd.

Tune, Now comes on the Glorious Year.

I.

C Hear up and sing ye Loyal Hearts,
Who have so bravely plaid your parts
To baffle all their hellish Arts,
Who hate our Faith's Defender,

II.

May ev'ry Rebel now fall down,
That would deprive him of his Crown,
Or in the least Prince Perkin own,
That silly vain Pretender,

III.

'Tis strange that sorry fatal Child,
By any Wretches should be styl'd,
Great James the Third serene and mild,
To whom they'll still be Loyal,

IV.

For let those Rebels if they can,
Make us forget the Warming Pan,
Which first convey'd that pretty Man,
Into the Chamber Royal,

V.

The Youth has now lost heart and head
For ah! his brave * Smock-Hero's fled,
His Grandfire Lewis too is dead,
Was ever Fate so cruel,

VI.

And if his hearty Friends in Spain,
Should trust him on the British Main,
With Briks we'll pelt him back again,
Or maul him with a Trowel.

VII.

A Cap he may have from the Pope,
But from old England he must hope,
For nought unless it be a Rope,
Which he does richly merit.

VIII.

The Ape entrapp'd must not complain,
Since he forsooth as King would reign,
And why should Perkin then disdain,
The Ape's Lot to inherit.

IX.

Well then, adieu, thou empty Thing;
We have a Rightful Gracious King,
Whose Praises we will ever sing:
With Heart and Voice unfeigned.

X.

A Prince he is of such Renown;
His real worth deserves a Crown,
For a greater Hero ne'er was known!
Whose Honour ha'n't been stained,

XI.

Our British Annals speaks at large,
Of won'drous Things done by St. George,
In rescuing of a beauteous Charge,
This, this we justly brag on,

XII.

The Valiant and Illustrious Knight,
Did with undaunted Courage fight,
Brought off the Fair, and slew out-right
A huge unweildly Dragon.

XIII.

But the * Dragon of a Scarlet Red,
With ten sharp Horns and seven-fold Head
Whose Fury Potent Princes dread,
Our glorious KING shall conquer,

XIV.

And then more truly we may say:
Our British GEORGE did bravely slay
The Dragon fam'd for bloody prey,
Which for our lives did hanker;

XV.

Our Monarch's Praise by this shall roll,
More swift than shot from Pole to Pole,
No earthly Prince shall him controul,
But beg his kind Assistance,

XVI.

Rome long with fatal Errors lost,
Shall find its now Designs all crost,
It never more shall us accost,
Or make the least Resistance.